AUM

Those who are wise in spiritual things grieve neither for the dead nor for the living. I myself never was not, nor thou, nor all the princes of the earth; nor shall we ever hereafter cease to be. As the lord of this mortal frame experienceth therein infancy, youth, and old age, so in future incarnation will it meet the same.—*Bhagavad Gita, Chap.* 2.

THE PATH.

Vol. VI. JUNE, 1891. No. 3.

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H. P. B. . ˙ .

A LION-HEARTED COLLEAGUE PASSES.

"On the shore stood Hiawatha,
Turned and waived his hand at parting;
On the clear and luminous water
Launched his birch canoe for sailing,
From the pebbles of the margin
Shoved it forth into the margin,
Shoved it forth into the water;
Whispered to it, 'Westward! Westward!'
And with speed it darted forward.
And the evening sun descending
Set the clouds on fire with redness,
Burned the broad sky, like a prairie,
Left upon the level water

One long track and trail of splendor,
Down whose stream, as down a river,
Westward, Westward Hiawatha
Sailed into the fiery sunset,
Sailed into the purple vapors,
Sailed into the dusk of evening.

* * *

Thus departed Hiawatha,
Hiawatha the beloved, * *
To the Islands of the Blessed."

That which men call death is but a change of location for the Ego, a mere transformation, a forsaking for a time of the mortal frame, a short period of rest before one reassumes another human frame in the world of mortals. The Lord of this body is nameless; dwelling in numerous tenements of clay, it appears to come and go; but neither death nor time can claim it, for it is deathless, unchangeable, and pure, beyond Time itself, and not to be measured. So our old friend and fellow-worker has merely passed for a short time out of sight, but has not given up the work begun so many ages ago—the uplifting of humanity, the destruction of the shackles that enslave the human mind.

I met H. P. B. in 1875 in the city of New York where she was living in Irving Place. There she suggested the formation of the Theosophical Society, lending to its beginning the power of her individuality and giving to its President and those who have stood by it ever since the knowlege of the existence of the Blessed Masters. In 1877 she wrote *Isis Unveiled* in my presence, and helped in the proof reading by the President of the Society. This book she declared to me then was intended to aid the cause for the advancement of which the Theososophical Society was founded. Of this I speak with knowledge, for I was present and at her request drew up the contract for its publication between her and her New York publisher. When that document was signed she said to me in the street, "Now I must go to India".

In November, 1878, she went to India and continued the work of helping her colleagues to spread the Society's influence there, working in that mysterious land until she returned to London in 1887. There was then in London but one Branch of the Society—the London Lodge—the leaders of which thought it should work only with the upper and cultured classes. The effect of H. P. B.'s coming there was that Branches began to spring up, so that now they are in many English towns, in Scotland, and in Ireland. There she founded her magazine *Lucifer*, there worked night and day for the Society loved by the core of her heart, there wrote the *Secret Doc-*

trine, the *Key to Theosophy*, and the *Voice of the Silence*, and there passed away from a body that had been worn out by unselfish work for the good of the few of our century but of the many in the centuries to come.

It has been said by detractors that she went to India because she merely left a barren field here, by sudden impulse and without a purpose. But the contrary is the fact. In the very beginning of the Society I drew up with my own hand at her request the diplomas of some members here and there in India who were in correspondence and were of different faiths. Some of them were Parsees. She always said she would have to go to India as soon as the Society was under way here and *Isis* should be finished. And when she had been in India some time, her many letters to me expressed her intention to return to England so as to open the movement actively and outwardly there in order that the three great points on the world's surface—India, England, and America—should have active centres of Theosophical work. This determination was expressed to me before the attempt made by the Psychical Research Society on her reputation,—of which also I know a good deal to be used at a future time, as I was present in India before and after the alleged *exposè*—and she returned to England to carry out her purpose even in the face of charges that she could not stay in India. But to disprove these she went back to Madras, and then again rejourneyed to London.

That she always knew what would be done by the world in the way of slander and abuse I also know, for in 1875 she told me that she was then embarking on a work that would draw upon her unmerited slander, implacable malice, uninterrupted misunderstanding, constant work, and no worldly reward. Yet in the face of this her lion heart carried her on. Nor was she unaware of the future of the Society. In 1876 she told me in detail the course of the Society's growth for future years, of its infancy, of its struggles, of its rise into the "luminous zone" of the public mind; and these prophecies are being all fulfilled.

Much has been said about her "phenomena", some denying them, others alleging trick and device. Knowing her for so many years so well, and having seen at her hands in private the production of more and more varied phenomena than it has been the good fortune of all others of her friends put together to see, I know for myself that she had control of hidden powerful laws of nature not known to our science, and I also know that she never boasted of her powers, never advertised their possession, never publicly advised anyone to attempt their acquirement, but always turned the eyes of those who could understand her to a life of altruism based on a knowledge of true philosophy. If the world thinks that her days were spent in deluding her followers by pretended phenomena, it is solely because her injudicious friends, against her expressed wish, gave out wonderful stories of

"miracles" which can not be proved to a skeptical public and which are not the aim of the Society nor were ever more than mere incidents in the life of H. P. Blavatsky.

Her aim was to elevate the race. Her method was to deal with the mind of the century as she found it, by trying to lead it on step by step; to seek out and educate a few who, appreciating the majesty of the Secret Science and devoted to "the great orphan Humanity", could carry on her work with zeal and wisdom; to found a Society whose efforts—however small itself might be—would inject into the thought of the day the ideas, the doctrines, the nomenclature of the Wisdom Religion, so that when the next century shall have seen its 75th year the new messenger coming again into the world would find the Society still at work, the ideas sown broadcast, the nomenclature ready to give expression and body to the immutable truth, and thus to make easy the task which for her since 1875 was so difficult and so encompassed with obstacles in the very paucity of the language,—obstacles harder than all else to work against.

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

REINCARNATION.

In Mr. Judge's remarks on Re-incarnation last week, he reminded us of the necessity of distinguishing clearly what it *is* that re-incarnates. At the risk of repeating much that has been said already, I should like to say once again, for it can hardly be said too often, that a right understanding of the more abstruse teachings of Theosophy depends upon our being able to free ourselves from materialistic conceptions of spiritual things. The tendency of the human mind is always towards the embodiment of abstract ideas in a concrete form, particularly in the Western World, where the intellect has not been trained in the subtleties of Eastern metaphysics for countless generations. The ordinary intellect, plunged into the sea of abstract ideas, is like a man who does not know how to swim, and is distractedly baffling with the waves. It is in vain to tell him that the human body is lighter than water, and *must* float, if he will but put himself in the proper position and keep still; he clutches wildly at the smallest plank, and feels that only a rope or an oar, or something tangible that he can grasp with his hands, can possibly be of any use to him. Not even when Peter *saw* Jesus walking upon the water, was he able to follow his example.

So the Western mind, launched upon the sea of Oriental metaphysics, grasps eagerly at an image, a metaphor, a diagram, anything that can be seen with the eye and leave a definite trace upon the memory. It is certainly better to have a life-preserver when we are compelled to jump over-

board, than to be drowned, but we must be very careful that the life-preserver keeps its proper place, and does not hold our heels above water instead of our head. There are certain truths that can be impressed upon the mind by means of images and metaphors, but there are others that only the intuition can apprehend, and where that is silent, it is in vain to force the intelligence, which is as incapable of the higher insight as Peter was of treading the waves over which his Master passed so lightly.

We are often warned in the *Secret Doctrine* and other books against the danger of accepting as a fact what is meant to be an allegory, but we need to have that warning repeated at frequent intervals. The moss of concrete conceptions will gather on the walls of the temple of Truth, and needs to be scraped away again and again, if the beautiful marble is to be seen in all its purity.

It is impossible to take a right view of the doctrine of Re-incarnation unless we have, to begin with, a proper conception of man's nature. We may talk glibly of the seven-fold constitution of man, and name the seven so-called "principles" in proper order, but let us beware of thinking of them as seven *things*. We might as well try to construct a rainbow by repeating the names of its seven colors. Every day almost, we hear some one say: "I can't bear the idea of Re-incarnation; I don't want to come back to this weary world; when I leave it, I long to have everlasting rest; better annihilation than a return to such a life."

When you ask such a person *what* they think is to return, you will invariably find that it is the *personality*, the man of to-day, thickly incrusted with a weight of bodily ills, mental fatigues, and physical accumulations of every kind, whims, idiosyncracies, fixed habits. It is the John Smith who stands before you, tired out beneath his earthly load, which he cannot dissociate from his real Ego. He expects to return as John Smith behind the mask of a new body, nothing changed but the flesh; the memory in abeyance, to be sure, but perhaps to revive occasionally in dreams, or in shifting, half-caught glimpses of a former existence;

> "Some vague emotion of delight,
> In gazing up an Alpine height,
> Some yearning towards the lamps of night."

But were the constitution of man as taught in theosophy properly understood, that weary mortal would realize that with death he will lay down *all* the burdens of this life, and that with the body must pass away every thing but the thinking principle, the consciousness, that real entity, whose intelligence, passions, desires, all the lower faculties of mind, in fact, are but aspects of the immortal being within. "There is but one real man", says the *Key to Theosophy*, "enduring through the cycle of life, and immortal

in essence if not in form, and this is *Manas*, the mind-man, or embodied Consciousness."

It is difficult indeed to realise the idea of unembodied Consciousness, of immortal mind; perhaps the best way is to recall our own experiences in our highest moments, to recollect how independent of all *personality* was the soul at such moments; how we might have been a King or a beggar for aught we knew or cared when absorbed in the higher existence, even though it were only on the intellectual plane that our freed soul disported itself, and all the mysteries of the Spirit were still far beyond our ken. But such moments of keen thought, of intense feeling, of deep affection, give us glimpses of a state of pure consciousness apart from personality, and this is the re-incarnating Ego.

So that the tired mortal may lie down to his last sleep, safe in the thought that he has done with *all* his personal incumbrances, and that not a trace of the existence he has left behind will remain in the being who returns. Not a trace of the *personality* that is, but Karma waits for the re-incarnating soul, and as it has sown in this life, the harvest will be reaped in the next.

The farmer may fix his mind upon results, and work purely for the sake of the bushels of grain that he will garner in the fall, but we must learn, while making every effort to sow the seed of better harvests for the future, to keep our eyes fixed upon the duty nearest us, and give ourselves no concern for consequences. To do the right because it is the right, not because it will be better for us in this life or another, is the true principle.

"Whoever in acting dedicates his actions to the Supreme Spirit and puts aside all selfish interest in their result, is untouched by sin, even as the leaf of the lotus is unaffected by the waters," says the Bhagavad Gita. Let us then devote ourselves to working, each in our own place, for the benefit of all, secure in the knowledge that so eternal Justice and eternal Law shall work with us, for Duty is their child.

"I slept, and dreamed that life was Beauty:
I woke, and found that life was Duty.
Was then my dream a shadowy lie?
Toil on, sad heart, courageously,
And thou shalt find thy dream to be
A noonday light and truth to thee."

KATHERINE HILLARD.

LOSS OF THE SOUL.

(*Continued from April No.*)

In the study of the occult science and philosophy one is continually coming upon paradoxes, and these at first seem irreconcilable. They seem like flat contradictions, and sometimes so remain for the individual student for two reasons. First: because he is unable through lack of knowledge to apprehend the broad and complex relations involved, and thus to view the subject from opposite grounds or points of observation, and so to reconcile the paradox. A second reason for the obscurity remaining in many minds is the fact that nothing short of a full explanation from the esoteric point of view is capable of reconciling the apparent contradiction; and this the teacher is not at liberty to give; is, in fact, solemnly bound not to give except under strict rules and conditions, and here is the reason why the leader of the present T. S. movement in the visible world, H. P. B., has often been misunderstood and severely criticized. Not even all members of the T. S seem to have understood the difference between a reconcilable paradox, provided one has the requisite knowledge, and a falsehood. Cases under the first class are too numerous to mention, where lack of knowledge or of ability to apprehend has allowed the paradox to remain a seeming contradiction. As a case under the second class, the discussion in *Theosophist* on the classification of the "principles" in man by a learned high caste Brahmin and H. P. B. may serve as an example.

The idea that all human beings spring from one common root, that all are nourished from one common and eternal fountain of life, and that this common root and this living fountain inhere also in all lower forms of life, seems irreconcilable with that other idea, that human beings exist in every possible degree of power and of unfolding, and that some are even souless, having lost the divine element, while others are far advanced in the line of the higher evolution and the divine consciousness. It is from the first idea, that of a common inheritance, that the Universal Brotherhood of man logically flows; while it is from the second idea, that of degrees of development and inherent power, that the "sin of separateness" seems logically to arise. With no distinct memory on the part of the individual of any previous state of existence, here *seems* to be an irreconcilable paradox. Children of one common "Father" and heirs of one common life-inheritance are unequal.

Let us suppose that the inheritance was originally equal, and that the difference now seen is the result of profit made by *use* of the original capital; and let us suppose that the law is so framed that he who has given away the

most, who has done most to help his weaker brother, has now the most valuable possession. The paradox is thus explained, the law of action thus revealed. The original inheritance was indeed equal, and while the pains and penalties of the poorer brother have been self-inflicted, the more fortunate proves himself a worthy son of his "Father" by dividing his inheritance again and again with his poorer brother. The rich and fortunate, is therefore, not he who selfishly accumulates and tenaciously holds, but he who generously and continually gives. This is, indeed, quite the opposite of the worldly standard, where people honor the rich and despise the poor, and where the intelligent and the powerful despoil the ignorant and the weak. All real, and even all apparent, differences among individuals are the work of their own lives, the issue of their own hands. Man reaps as he has sown, and the problem of individual existence could only be solved through the efforts of the individual himself in working out either his own salvation or his own damnation. The true doctrine of the vicarious atonement has been misinterpreted and misapplied. "*Christos*" (Buddhi-Manas) suffers not *for us*, but has suffered *like unto us*; has reached the state of at-one-ment through like passions and trials, and through overcoming evil as we must also overcome it. How else could he be our "elder brother"? The sympathy and helpfulness of Christos dwell in the "man of sorrows" who *remembers* the poor and the afflicted, the sinning and the sorrowing *which he once was*. Christos must have been at one with humanity through suffering, before he could be at-one with divinity through participating in the divine nature.

The elements of weakness, of sin, and of possible failure are then due to man's own efforts; these possibilities are the very terms upon which both personal and individual existence are based. Were it otherwise, were man made perfect and incapable of falling, or diabolical and incapable of rising, he could be nothing in and of himself.

The question was recently asked, "Do you *really* believe in the existence and immortality of the soul?", and the reply was, "Do you *really* question or deny it?" Here both question and answer proceeded from the plane of consciousness. Certain teachings, and even certain forms of intellectual belief that induce certain habits of thought and modes of life, may undoubtedly modify consciousness itself. One may contract or expand, cultivate or destroy, certain forms of consciousness. When the monad reached the human plane and became endowed with self-consciousness, that consciousness involved that divine light from which the higher consciousness springs. This is man's human inheritance, involving also his divine birthright. Then begins the struggle for the Kingdom, for dominion and power, the elements of man's lower animal nature drawing him back, and the powers of his diviner nature drawing him upward toward his immortal destiny

Thus the price of self-consciousness is the necessity of conflict ; and the experience of conflict is suffering ; while its reward is divinity restored to full consciousness in man. The penalty for final failure is not being born in the bodies of animals (metempsychosis), but descent to the animal plane and the final loss of self-consciousness, or the human birthright.

The double inheritance of man from the Lunar Pitris and the Manasa Putras (see *Secret Doctrine*), giving to the original monad Form, Desire, and Mind, constitutes him a complex being. Form and desire ascend from the lower plane ; they are evolved. Mind descends from the higher plane ; it is involved. Man in his present life is therefore anchored to all below him and heir to all above him. He is up-borne and overshadowed. Were it otherwise, the "germ"—that "*dark nucleole*"—could never expand and become incorporated in full consciousness with Eternal Nature. Man, the microcosm, is potentially Adam Cadmon, the heavenly man or microcosm. Man, therefore, as we know him in the present life, is a potency, a possibility, rather than an actuality. The actuality must be a Power, at one with its creative source, Divinity ; otherwise there must eventuate two supreme powers and these antagonistic, which is an absurdity.

Man's present environment and narrow limitations hedge him about like a wall that he cannot overpass ; and the more he dwells in his appetites and passions that spring from matter and belong to his animal ego, the more closely press the walls about him.

Suppose we consider the planes of man's consciousness as the Spiritual (higher manas), Mental (lower manas), Sensuous (Kama rupa), and the Physical (prana or Jiva). Every one is familiar with these planes by experience ; hence they may serve to illustrate our subject.

Consciousness in man is derived from Mahat, the universal principle of cosmic intelligence ; the foundation principle of all law, proportion, relation, number, form, &c. This principle is what Plato calls "the world of divine ideas". This is the *basis* of consciousness in man, and it is *diffused* throughout all the planes of consciousness in man ; the spiritual, the mental, the sensuous, and the physical, as already named. While, therefore, Mahat is the *basis* of consciousness in man, it is not his self-consciousness *per se*. Something more is necessary, viz. a *laya center*. This laya center is the monad, the incarnating ego, that "dark nucleole" whose impenetrable essence is a "spark" of the one absolute Life and Light. To and from this nucleole ebb and flow the tides of life, of feeling, of thought, and of desire. The under-lying principle, Mahat, gives to these ebbing and flowing tides rhythm, form, proportion ; in other words, their Law of Action and modes of expression *potentially*. Their *actual* expression comes from man's desire, his *motive* of action. Through his diffused consciousness man senses, "tastes", experience of action on all the planes named, and from this

varied experience he must *choose*. The laya-center holds the *light* to his understanding, so that he is not left without a "witness".

Now while the Mahatic principle is diffused through all planes in man, as it is diffused through all planes of nature, giving shape to his body as it gives form to the crystal and proportion to chemical compounds, this diffusion occurs in regular order and in concrete degree, because it is coupled with that "spark" of the one life which is the dark and impenetrable center of the "monad". It is the relation and interaction of this center and the Mahatic principle that constitutes *self-consciousness* in man. Each of the "planes of consciousness" in man is a field for the display of his *self*-consciousness, his *field of battle*, and on each plane the "light of the Logos", *i. e.* the radiance from the spark of divine life in the heart of the monad, is *focalized*. There would thus arise a series of self-consciousnesses, so to say. Each plane, in other words, becomes a vehicle (Upadhi) for the light of the Logos. The Monad or real ego is alone self-existent. It alone *directly* receives the light of the Logos. The "planes" can receive the light only by reflection from the monad. The "planes" of consciousness, therefore, are not self-existent. They have no life of their own, so they receive no light of their own. It thus follows, logically, that if the monad containing the laya-center be separated, alienated, or destroyed. no further light can reach the planes thus separated from the "Father". Their dissolution would thus be only a question of time.

If now it can be shown by experience that a certain mode of life inspired by certain motives or desires tends to expand the laya-center and diffuse its light through all lower planes, and thus ministers to growth, expansion, and permanency, and that the opposite mode of life tends as inevitably to contraction, decay, and death, the consequent salvation or destruction of man's personal consciousness will have been shown to be a *matter of choice*. At every act called death, a separation of elements, and consequently of planes of consciousness occurs. The physical and sensuous dissolve, leaving only the mental and spiritual, according to our classification of planes. If, therefore, the personal experience has been largely confined to these two lower planes, when the separation occurs at death such experience can have no conscious permanency. If the two higher planes, the spiritual and mental, have been dwarfed during earthly life from lack of use, and been starved by the encroachments of the lower planes, then, although they may accompany the monad into the next stage of existence, they cannot be supposed to convey or to retain the personal self-consciousness, *because they had none or so little to retain*. All of this pertains to the ordinary experience without considering the loss or final alienation of the soul, or divine spark, the "monad". There can be no *memory* of experience on the physical and sensuous planes because they have no permanent vehicle or Upadhi.

"The Echoes That Remain."

To some the story that I have to tell may sound like a dream, but it is not for them I write,—there are those that know and understand.

The latter part of last summer I happened to be spending at a little out of the way village in the south of England. During the course of a busy and moderately successful life, I have found it necessary now and then to seek a certain amount of retirement, to take myself entirely out of the rut of common life, to absent myself from sight and sound of all familiar things. Fortunately I have always been able to indulge this fancy. The place I found on this occasion suited me exactly. The village was picturesquely situated, and surrounded by a lovely country, of the walks and drives in which I thought I could never tire. But I awoke one morning to find that neither the prospect of a canter on horseback nor a morning with fishing rod and book could satisfy me. I was longing for new worlds to conquer. Mentioning this at breakfast to my landlady, I was asked, had I seen the Manor House. "The Manor House? No, I had not." "Ah, then sir," I was answered with pardonable pride, "You have not seen one of the finest houses in England." About a hour later I found myself in the large oak-wainscoated hall, and the housekeeper, a pleasant elderly woman, was preparing to show me through the house. "Yes, sir," she answered with the glibness of her class in answer to my inquiry, "the family have been absent many years—none of them have lived here since the old baronet died. That's him, sir," pointing to a portrait of a white-haired man, holding a book and with the student's far-away look in the eyes, "they found it too lonely, sir, they say, and lonely enough it is sometimes." We passed from room to room, all handsome, all gloomy, the walls hung with the faces of long-passed generations. I shivered, and wondered how the old woman travelling on in front of me could endure the atmosphere of the place. Suddenly we stopped before a low curtained door. The housekeeper selected a small key from her bunch and bent to fit it in the lock. I could not understand what it was, but, as I stood there waiting, the strangest feeling took possession of me—in some way a sense of excitement, mingled with a vague familiarity. I made a desperate effort to remember something, in doing which this all left me. We came to a narrow passage, turned to the right, and, opening another door, entered. "The Lady Alice's apartments, sir." I saw a long low room, hung in faded yellow damask, flooded with summer sunshine. In spite of the sadness of its antiquity and desertion, it was a livable room, bright and tasteful, and a delicate aroma of feminine grace and charm was felt in the air like a subtle perfume. A basket holding silk and a fine piece of half-finished needle-

work stood on a small table drawn near the cushioned window seat. It was pleasing to think of the reverence which let this remain just as the poor dead hand had left it. "Things had evidently been left just as they were," I said. This seemed to please my cicerone, who told me her great grandmother had been housekeeper in Lady Alice's time, and had kept the lovely lady's memory green in the hearts of her descendents. "This is where she used to sit," pointing to the window seat, "and watch for the lover who never came." "Ah, then, there is a romance," said I, thinking I had at length found the bright spot in this gloomy old Manor. "Indeed a romance my mother often told me," and then I heard the story; how a young lord of one of the neighboring counties had won her love, and how they were to have had a great wedding, for this was one of the finest country houses in those days, and there were continually ball and feast and crowds of guests, and then one night there was a grand masking to which all England came (so said my narrator). Among the guests was a lady who loved Lady Alice's lover, and she had copied her rival's disguise, and the young Lord taking her for his betrothed spent all the evening with her. When at the last moment there was a sudden call for him—a call of life and death—he drew her aside to a recess and pulled her mask away to kiss her farewell, and saw who it was; not his sweet lady, but her enemy. Then the Lady Alice came and stood before them, with tears in her reproachful eyes, and he had to leave with only a hurried "It is a mistake, God bless thee." Those who stood about said he was a villain, and the rival lady did all she could to encourage this idea, and some said he would come never back again, now that he was found out. But the Lady Alice said it was a lie, he would come back,—and she waited for him day by day, but he never came. Afterwards when she had been dead several years, they found out that, riding back to her, his horse had lost his footing and plunged him down a ravine, where he was instantly killed.

This pathetic story told in so homely a way touched me profoundly. I could think only of the girlish figure sitting in the window on the yellow damask cushions, waiting, waiting, with such a tumult of despair and longing in her heart. A generous fee won me the houskeeper, and, indeed, I think she was glad besides to have an interested listener, especially to all concerning the "poor dead lady" of whose sad history I could never hear enough. Day after day found me in the yellow boudoir, sitting in deep reverie or wandering about it, noting each detail, though hardly daring to touch what I saw. Once I made a great discovery. Beside one of the cushions, which an awkward movement of mine displaced, I found a little book of devotions. In it was written in a cramped old hand, "To my beloved Alice", following which were Lovelace's lines beginning, "Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind." Beneath was a date long, long passed! One

night I gained permission to sleep there—in a bed chamber just above the yellow boudoir. Strange dreams I had that night, but mostly I saw stately masked figures moving to and fro in some forgotten dance, and in a dim recess two figures, man and woman, bending toward each other like lovers, and whenever I looked at them any time, a strange mad anger blazed in my heart. As the days drew near autumn I found it pleasanter to walk in the garden leading from the boudoir, since the need of a fire made the room chill. And there I would pace to and fro in the sunshine, thinking, thinking, and with all my might striving, for it had come to that now, striving to remember! The day before I intended leaving, for business and pleasure were calling me home, I made my farewell visit. The morning was spent in the garden, then tired of walking I returned to the yellow room to sit and dream for may-be the last time. I do not remember exactly what I was doing, until suddenly I looked up. In the open doorway, with blown hair and her hands full of great purple asters, no deeper than her eyes, stood a woman smiling. "Alice", I cried. "Dearest," she answered me in the sweet, spirit voice of that other world, "rest thy heart. We know all here, and are happy, because, for the mistakes and sorrows of earth, in God's Great Hereafter is ample compensation." I fell upon my knees and stretched out my arms in an ecstacy of love and thankfulness for the blessed instant of memory and knowledge vouchsafed me.

When I came to myself, I was sitting in the yellow boudoir, with the late afternoon sunshine lying on the floor and touching with a delicate glory an old withered leaf the wind had blown through the open door.

Jan. 17th, 1891. G. L. G.

Hidden Hints

in the Secret Doctrine.

(*From p. 184 to p. 192, Vol. I.*)

By W. Q. J.

The impulse of Evolution is found in the force of the spiritual breath. It is not to be supposed because "human monads" cease to come into this chain of globes that therefore there is no impulse. The term "human monad" means that *monad which having been through all lower experiences is fitted to inform the so-far perfected human body.*

Man first in the 4th Round *p. 187*. The flow of human monads is at an end, except that those still incarcerated in the anthropoids have yet to come in. Full blown—or rather those that have been through all lower experiences—must proceed in their order through the strictly human evolution. The necessities of evolution demand this, and the turning point is reached

in the fourth round which represents the square figure or number, and all monads in the lower kingdoms have to go on with the work of evolution in those until the next manvantara. At that time the monads now in human forms will have progressed beyond, thus leaving room for those below to come up higher.

Our Natures from what. *p. 189.* In the note it is distinctly pointed out that the quotation from Shakespeare about our *natures* being marvelously mixed refers to the part which the Hierarchies of progressed souls throughout the system to which this globe belongs play in giving us our different combinations.

Correspondence of Human Evolution with the nebular evolution and condensation is to be found on these last lines of *p. 191*: "as the solid earth began by being a ball of liquid fire, of fiery dust, and its protophasmic phantom, so did man."

Origin of White and Black Magic. See note on *p. 192*, where it is stated that at the highest point of development of the Atlantean Race—the fourth—the separation into right and left-hand magic, or consciously good and evil thoughts, took place. Under the action of Karmic law and by the reincarnation over and over again of those engaged in these thoughts, the thoughts were preserved in the realm of mind in the double form of mental deposits and astral impressions. The mental deposits were brought back again and again to earth life, and the astral impressions affected all others who came under their influence. In this way not only were seeds sown in individual minds through their own thoughts, but a vast reservoir of good and bad impressions or pictures has been created in the ethereal medium about us by which sensitive persons are impelled to good and bad acts. And all repetitions of evil thoughts have added to the stock of evil thus remaining to affect and afflict mankind. But as the good also remains, the earnest friends of mankind are able to produce good effects and impressions which in their turn are added to the sum of good. There need be no feeling of injustice on the ground that sensitive persons are affected by evil pictures in the astral light, because such possibility of being thus impressed could not have arisen except through sympathetic attractions for them set up in former lives.

The Theosophical Society.

The death of H. P. Blavatsky should have the effect on the Society of making the work go on with increased vigor free from all personalities. The movement was not started for the glory of any person, but for the elevation of Mankind. The organization is not effected as such by her death

for her official positions were those of Corresponding Secretary and President of the European Section. The Constitution has long provided that after her death the office of Corresponding Secretary should not be filled. The vacancy in the European Section will be filled by election in that Section, as that is matter with which only the European Branches have to deal. She held no position in the exoteric American Section, and had no jurisdiction over it in any way. Hence there is no vacancy to fill and no disturbance to be felt in the purely corporate part of the American work. The work here is going on as it always has done, under the efforts of its members who now will draw their inspiration from the books and works of H. P. B. and from the purity of their own motive.

All that the Society needs now to make it the great power it was intended to be is first, *solidarity*, and second, *Theosophical education*. These are wholly in the hands of its members. The first gives that resistless strength which is found only in Union, the second gives that judgment and wisdom needed to properly direct energy and zeal.

Read these words, from H. P. B'avatsky's *Key to Theosophy*:

"If the present attempt in the form of our Society succeeds better than its predecessors have done, then it will be in existence as an organized, living, and healthy body when the time comes for the effort of the XXth century. The general condition of men's minds and hearts will have been improved and purified by the spread of its teachings, and, as I have said, their prejudices and dogmatic illusions will have been, to some extent, at least, removed. Not only so, but besides a large and accessible literature ready to men's hands, the next impulse will find a numerous and *united* body of people ready to welcome the new torch-bearer of Truth. He will find the minds of men prepared for his message, a language ready for him in which to clothe the new truths he brings, an organization awaiting his arrival which will remove the merely mechanical material obstacles and difficulties from his path. Think how much one to whom such an opportunity is given could accomplish. Measure it by comparison with what the Theosophical Society actually *has* achieved in the last fourteen years without *any* of these advantages and surrounded by hosts of hindrances which would not hamper the new leader. Consider all this and then tell me whether I am too sanguine when I say that, if the Theosophical Society survives and lives true to its mission, to its original impulse, through the next hundred years—tell me, I say, if I go too far in asserting that this earth will be a heaven in the twenty-first century in comparison with what it is now!"

"Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing.
Learn to labor and to wait".

Tea Table Talk.

It was a large, sunny parlor, and Psyche flitted about it, touching here a rose and there a drapery; now re-adjusting, now contemplating. In her yellow gown, pendent fringes waving and shoulder-puffs raised, she looked like some light butterfly, skimming all the attractiveness of the room. As she hovered above the tea cups, I told her as much.

"Antonina calls them 'flutter-byes'; perhaps that is a still better—because a still more trifling name"—she said, with a provoking little *moue*.

There are women whom you never can please, do what you will. Praise is gross. Silence wounds. Everything seems to brush the bloom from their wings. I told her this. She laughed in my face. Surely the women of our mothers' era had more tact and suavity. I made bold to suggest as much, and she only remarked:

"For the matter of that, so had the women of your grandmother's time. Should you wish me to be your grandmother? I am glad I am not. I should not like to be in the least responsible for you."

This personality seemed to call for a severe reply, but her fluttering about in that manner unsettled me. You cannot crush a small person who is darting hither and thither among the mazes of the modern *salon*, more absorbed in bric-a-brac than in yourself. Hence I concluded to waive the subject, and to make a cool, dignified inquiry about a work on architecture which lay before me, in the hope of bringing her to a standstill. I succeeded only too well. Poised in front of me, audaciously ignoring my question, she said:

"Butterflies! Light, trifling, flippant things. I suppose you think they have no souls. Pray do remember that Psyche—whose emblem is the butterfly—*is* the soul."

"I'm not up in symbology," I answered, "but aren't you rather breaking a butterfly?"

"You think they are mere evanescent creatures of the hour", she continued, oh so scornfully.

"My dear young lady, when the theosophical butterfly typifies Buddhi-Manas———" but I might as well have attempted to arrest the flight of a butterfly.

"That's all very pretty; but you, I know you do not believe it one bit. Pray, did you ever see the birth of a butterfly? Did you ever see the throbs, the quivers of anguish, the shuddering agony, the blood drops of the chrysalis before the winged life comes forth? In that mimic sphere there is a purpose, an heroic struggle necessary to existence. If you entered the butterfly world you might find yourself a coward there, where every purposeless life is still-born."

I hastily answered that I thought this very probable, and indeed her dark eyes were glancing and all her silken fringes quivering and shining in a way that caused me to remember a pressing engagement with a man from Nowhere. But I never voiced it, for, hovering near a huge satin chair fluted

and perfumed like a flower, she suddenly sank into its depths, saying softly: "Shall I tell you a story?"

My engagement dissolved back into No-Man's-Land. Psyche is an unrivalled story-teller, and I have often envied the small hearers above whose downy heads she murmured gently.

Reflecting, she folded her feathery plumage about her.

"My tale is called 'The birth of a soul'," she said.

"There was once a butterfly, a Psyche, a creature of sunshine and color, of light aims, contented with evanescent and trifling joys, consorting mainly with creatures like herself. Yet, such as she was, she attracted a being of a higher order, a poet-artist, who thought he saw within her nature the gleam of wider possibilities. She believed him, because it was so delicious to believe. That is the butterfly's best reason for doing a thing,—that summer airs blow softly and the nectar is so sweet. The homage he offered her, was a flower rare indeed; she tasted its brimming cup, then drank again, and again. This gave him hope. He went away to work for her, to dream of her, to become worthy of her. Fancy! 'Worthy'—of a butterfly! And while he aspired, labored, and achieved, she found, another summer day, flowers of praise full as sweet and fresher, newer than his own, and classified him with forgotten joys, remembering only those of the bright moment, those of the rainbow-hued gardens of life where she found herself now.

In distant lands he, dreaming, worked as well, and worked for pure love of Art and of Love itself. Who works thus works well. His hour of achievement came. He too was wooed by softer airs, by a more radiant day. In his self-imposed exile he had painted her portrait. It was his dream life and brought him the first award of a lasting fame. He returned, elate, yet sobered by the nearness of a great hope, a happiness once as far removed from his grasp as Heaven itself is—still as far, perhaps, for think of grasping happiness in butterfly form! This he knew not. By a light memory, a graceful touch, a swift reply now and then, she had given him cause to think that she still loved him, she, who threw encouragement to all because the day was fair and her own wings light; she, who sunned herself in every pleasing nature, and sipped the sweets, and fled! She who, butterfly-like, gave no thought to the morrow, counted no cost. He saw her, girt with the chaste aureole of his own ideal. Landing one evening in their native city, unable to wait until the next day to see her, though the conventions of frivolity compelled him to wait until then for a call, he concluded to go to the opera, where he was sure she was to be found. He was right, she was there. He raised his glass, he drank in her image. He stared, removed his *lorgnon*, wiped its clear surface as if it were beclouded, then looked again; a long look, an ardent look that hardened and cooled into despair. What did he see? Only a butterfly. To alight everywhere, to rest nowhere, that is the life of these souls of air. This fact in Nature, and in butterflies, was none the less hard to him because it *was* a fact, and he resisted it. Though he saw her flirting, fluttering, evading, pert and airy, nonchalant and unconstrained, though he read the shallowness of her nature in her roving glance and futile actions, still

he sought her out. Still he hoped to snatch the fragile creature to his heart. Had he succeeded, he might have clasped only a handful of dust, who knows? But he failed. Not knowing what manner of thing a heart was, how could she take his, or give him her own?"

"What a fool he must have been," I ejaculated.

"He was a *man*," she replied.

I did not quite like to ask her what she meant by this, so I remained silent. She sat upon her daffodil-colored chair, quivering a little, as if about to take flight, subdued somewhat and less blithe of manner, a butterfly drenched with dew. In her eyes the dawn of emotion, in her voice the ghost of sorrow.

"He went to the opera-box," she continued, "to be received with a touch of coolness, a hint of disdain. His homage was that of an intellect, a soul; it was less sugared and spiced than before. She gave him clearly to see that he wearied her; she had become used to less healthy food. He saw a shallow nature, revealed in a shallow face, a careless bearing, an idle voluptuousness, a love of the trifles of life. So when she turned impatiently from him, weary and scornful, he took his leave as an honest man would, who saw his ideal overthrown. He made no reproach, no outcry. As he passed out of the opera he heard her name spoken amid light laughter, and understood more than ever that he had placed his whole stake upon a butterfly's nature, and had lost it. If he suffered I do not know. But one may guess it. He was silent. Then presently, when his name was upon every lip, her caprice returned and she sent for him. He did not come. She wrote, and asked the reason why. It was then that he sent her portrait to her: upon a card in its corner were written these words, "*In Memoriam*". So she unveiled the portrait and looked upon the face of his dead love. It was herself, and yet not herself. A mirror stood opposite. Upon the canvass, dignity, a gracious equipoise, power tempered by mercy, love subordinate to reason, all the graces of a gentle womanhood, all the earnestness of high ideals. Herself as she should have been; as she might have been. In the mirror, a shallow puerile face, a fanciful wandering disposition, the absence of all aspiration, the ignorance of all true love. She grew pitifully small in her own eyes as she gazed, discrowned, at the image of herself crowned by Love. She comprehended what she had destroyed and what she had missed. She saw before her an unending panorama of idle days, wasted hours, brief pleasures snatched upon the wing, as it were. Slowly all this filtered into her consciousness; gradually she realized the pity of it, until at last her noble image looked down upon a woman sobbing, prone before it, and under the eyes of the portrait a soul was born.

It was born too late for greater use. It was only the soul of a butterfly. Yet the tiny thing lived. It essayed a higher flight. There are laws, even of butterfly life, and it endeavored to know them. Perhaps it learned to carry from place to place the golden germs of a sweetness not its own, to sow the seed of a life it could only serve and could not share. Perhaps to know its puny nature for what it was, and still to strive, still to aspire; to be alone, uncompanioned in the airy flight; to lift the body of the worm upon the psyche

wing; is courage, of a minor kind indeed, but courage still. For if, perchance, the butterfly knows all its weakness, and still endeavors to be all it can be, may not the tiny shallow thing, in time, win higher grace?"

Was it moisture she brushed from her eyes? I could not say. On the wall hung a most loveable portrait, like her, yet curiously unlike. Her glance followed mine. "It is an ancestress of mine", she laughed, and evading the question of my look, she darted away to the window. Presently I saw her flitting about among the lilacs on the lawn. As I watched her, a mystery rose before me, the mystery of woman's nature! Can she feel, or does she only simulate emotion? Was it of herself she spoke, or did she weave an artful tale? Has Psyche a soul, or has she only a psychic something, animated by a love of sensation, of pleasure? Is the butterfly a freak of nature, or has it indeed a soul?

JULIUS.

TESTS OF CHARACTER.

Madame Blavatsky's retirement from this incarnation has incited journalists to columns of description, in which those hostile to her have repeated anew the various charges of humbuggery, deception, imposture, mercenariness, rapacity, lasciviousness, immorality, and falsehood. All may be grouped under 3 heads, Fraud, Extortion, and Lust.

Now to determine the actual character of any person widely known as an author, there are 3 tests,--the flavor of the writings, the quality of the readers drawn to them, the personal experience of those most closely associated with him in domestic life. Let us apply these tests to Madame Blavatsky.

1st. *The flavor of the writings.* Throughout all, but especially in the one avowedly written as a hand-book for pupils who would practice Theosophic teachings, *The Voice of the Silence*, the duties most explicitly, repeatedly, and unqualifiedly enjoined are Truth, Unselfishness, and Purity. It is declared that no one should attempt the Higher Path till deliberately purged of every falsehood, unbrotherliness, and uncleanness, such being an absolute bar to the spiritual progression which alone can conduct to Beatitude. This is beyond question the reiterated injunction of each book. Now if it mirrored the soul of the writer, Madame Blavatsky was honest, unselfish, and chaste; if the reverse, she was publishing sentiments opposite to her own, opposite to those fitted to secure her the followers she would desire, opposite to the tendency of the age and to the demands of literature, opposite to a motive for fame, ease, emolument, or praise. She was universally admitted to be clever; does a clever writer hypocritically avow doctrines certain to ensure failure in popularity and gain?

2d. *The quality of the readers drawn to them.* Are her works the chosen favorites of the frivolous, the tricky, the dishonest, the sensual? The question is as though one should ask if the *Meditations* of Marcus Aurelius were the delight of thieves. Apart from the matter of philosophical discussion or esoteric exposition, facts show that the purchasers and students of her writings are men and women of sober mind, intent on spiritual things, dwelling on soul-advance and fraternal help as the aims of life. Does an unscrupulous sensualist devote years of laborious work to provide guidance for that class; does that class feel magnetic sympathy with the self-seeking and the corrupt?

3d. *The personal experience of those most closely associated in domestic life.* Every man is best known by such as dwell in his household, note his private habits, tastes, affiliations, are familiar with his ways and speech and revelations. Now it is remarkable of Madame Blavatsky that the most unreserved testimony to her sincerity comes from those most competent to test it, members long of her own family, intimately connected with her in daily life. Mrs. Besant, the Countess Wachtmeister, Dr. and Mr. Keightley, speak in no measured tones of her generosity, kindness, forgiveness of injuries, freedom from resentment, her patience with learners, her condemnation of wrong, selfishness, and incontinence, her amazing and ceaseless energy, her self-sacrifice, her indifference to money, her refusal to accept gifts, her cheerful poverty that her work might be sustained, her unreserved renunciation of ease, income, rest, and health for the cause of Theosophy. They, and such of us as have had like, though less, experience, are uniform in testimony as to these points. Strange that all such should be deceived, and that the true interpreters of her character should be journalists who never read a page of her writings, never attended a meeting of the Society she founded, never passed a day in her household, never even looked upon her face!

The friends of Madame Blavatsky, those who knew and loved her, do not ask that the world shall take her at their valuation. They ask merely that the rules of palpable common-sense shall be admitted in any judgment of her, that testimony from those who know much shall be thought weightier than testimony from those who know nothing, that every well-established principle in the interpretation of human character shall not be reversed in her case, that the unsupported assertion of a daily newspaper shall not be conceded the authority of a Court or the infallibility of a Scripture. They do not even ask that the impartial shall read her books, but they *suggest*, not from hearsay but from experience, that if any man wishes his aspirations heightened, his motive invigorated, his endeavor spurred, he should turn to the writings which express the thought and reflect the soul of HELENA P. BLAVATSKY.

ALEXANDER FULLERTON, F. T. S.

LITERARY NOTES.

APRIL LUCIFER has for editorial "The Negators of Science", which deals sharply with the many prominent scientists who in the same breath avow that the intangible is beyond their reach or sphere and yet insist that it can be nothing else than a phase of matter. The first part of Prof. M. N. Dvivedi's paper on "The Puranas" is prefaced by a neat sarcasm on the Secretary of the Oriental Congress at Stockholm, to whom it was originally sent. The paper itself is learned and forcible, as well as clear, but is even more extraordinary for the perfection of its English. Such rich, mellow, varied, delicately-tinted diction might well be the envy of a cultivated native. "Scripture Blinds" is rambling, fanciful, and not overly marked by point; "The True Church of Christ" continues on its line of close analysis and thought. The new syllabus of Blavatsky Lodge Lectures afresh illustrates what power and erudition are more and more being brought to the service of Theosophy;—The Puranas; Theosophy and Science (old); *ditto* (new); Theosophy and the Christian Doctrine; The Kabalah; Theosophy and Theosophical Christianity; Eastern Psychology, the Missing Link between Religion and Science; Theosophical Ethics; Divine Incarnation; Theosophy in its relation to Act; Solar Myths; Notes on the Esotericism of the Gospels; The Sacrificial Victim. [A. F.]

APRIL THEOSOPHIST. Col. Olcott's ever-fascinating pen would make his article on "The Vampire" readable in any century, certain as dwellers in the 19th are to shake their heads at an invitation to revert to the 15th. The serious difficulty of explaining how physical blood can be transmitted from a living person by an astral form to a buried corpse in no way daunts the Colonel, for he promptly asserts the process to be by "sympathetic psychical infusion". As a collocation of words this is certainly very neat, but———. P. R. Mehta, in "Our Duty", excellently well gives his countrymen and all Theosophists reasons for furthering the Oriental Department Papers. Further curious facts in "Obeah" are presented, and Mr. E. D. Fawcett makes hearty and generous tribute to Herbert Spencer in a lecture upon that great man delivered at Headquarters. Mr. B. Keightley, the General Secretary for India, has made a short tour of visitation and addresses to some of the Branches, and in that, as in his other duties, manifests the capacity for intellectual and physical work which was the astonishment of the American Section and may prove the salvation of the Indian. American Theosophists must be gratified at the large use in India of the publications in our own land, and the PATH has special reason to purr most amiably. [A. F.]

THE "PATH" OFFICE has received from Gen. F. J. Lippitt a copy of the *American Law Review* in which that gentleman comments upon certain decisions in the Courts of Law regarding the admissibility of evidence relating to psychic facts. Reference is specially made to the case of Wells V. Bandy. According to this report the jury stated in substance that they would decline to believe in such "psychic facts" even though testified to by unimpeachable witnesses. The Judge, following previous decisions, ruled such evidence to be irrelevant to the issue, declined to admit it, and overruled the somewhat natural objection to a jury confessedly biassed. Stated in the words of Gen. Lippitt, the ruling was, "If defendant should succeed in proving plaintiff's fraud on one or more occasions, his justification would be substantially made out, whether or not on other occasions the manifestations had been genuine; and that therefore what may have taken place on those other occasions was irrelevant to the issue". Gen. Lippit argues that in such a case, where a decision might have carried with it a criminal prosecution for obtaining money under false pretences, circumstantial evidence was as clearly admissible as in any criminal case. Further than this, the case of anyone charged with fraudulently producing manifestations which are in the public mind judged to be impossible is so heavily weighted at the outset that it seems only just that such person should have the right to show by all the evidence available that such manifestations do sometimes occur under circumstances where fraud is impossible. They would thus be brought within the domain of ordinary facts to some extent, and the defendant would have the advantage of showing that he acted in a *bonâ fide* manner.

In this case the jury on their own confession would have felt bound to convict, without the shadow of any evidence of actual fraud, and the case was clearly prejudged from the outset. The plaintiff's counsel then withdrew the case.

We presume that the facts are as stated in the *American Law Review* by Gen. Lippitt. They must speak to our readers for themselves.

MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT.

AMERICA.

THREE OF THE BRANCHES in Los Angeles, Calif,—the Sakti T. S., the Satwa T. S., and the East Los Angeles T. S.—having united in a request that the surrender of the three Charters be authorized and a new charter be issued to the united membership, the Executive Committee unanimously gave consent, and a charter to the "Dhyana T. S. of Los Angeles" was issued just before Convention.

THE GRAY'S HARBOR T. S., of Hoquiam, Washington Terr, was chartered on May 4th. It starts with 5 members and 2 others have since applied. It is the 53d Branch on the present American list.

A THEOSOPHICAL SUNDAY SCHOOL, with good attendance, has been opened in Oakland, Calif. This has not yet been done in the East, and it looks much as if a skilled worker in that department may have to be imported from California.

THE OAKLAND ENQUIRER of April 25th devotes over a column to reporting Mrs. Georgiana S. Bowman's lecture on "The Mahatmas", wherein she gave the proofs of Their existence formerly and now, some account of Their schools and powers, and extracts from the experience of Col. Olcott and others. The lecture was an hour in length, was very instructive to the general public, and was delivered in the Jewish Synagogue.

THE MILWAUKEE JOURNAL of April 28th gives two columns to a well-written *resumé* of Theosophy and an account of the Brahmana T. S. Slightly open to correction in a few minor points, this excellent article well sets forth the leading tenets of the system and shows anew the sensitiveness of the press to popular wants.

BRO. HARRIE S. BUDD, a vigorous and devoted Theosophist of El Paso, Texas, adds another to his good works by establishing a monthly Theosophical magazine *in Spanish*. It is to be issued on the 15th of each month, May being the first, will have 16 pages, and be of the size of the PATH. It will have no advertisements, merely book notices of Theosophical publications and general standing information. Its title will be *El Silencio* (The Silence), and it will bear the design of the World Egg guarded by the Serpent-Power. Price $1.50 per year. The general lines of the PATH will be followed, but adapted to Latin America, and for some months the text will of course be mainly translations from English articles, after which there will naturally be communications from Mexican and other Spanish quarters. Bro. Budd has made the PATH an accredited agency, and any orders will be pleasurably forwarded. How Theosophical literature is spreading! The great Spanish pioneer, Bro. Montolin, has performed marvels in Spain, and now a fellow-worker appears in Texas! May *The Silence* be full of thought and inspiration, and may its Voice pierce through all walls of indifference or hostility, transmuting evil to good and sordid aims to the most earnest search for spiritual light!

NEWS HAS COME of the safe arrival in Australia of Col. Olcott, after a singularly smooth and agreeable passage. There is probably no spot on earth short of an uninhabited island where the President would repose entirely

from Theosophical work, but he is at least out of reach of daily mails and hourly worries, and will have some chance to rest mind and body.

The New York Press and H. P. Blavatsky.

Immediately upon the fact's being known in New York that H. P. Blavatsky had left her mortal frame, two methods of dealing with the matter were developed by the New York press. The first is that which has made the newspapers an eyesore to all self-respecting persons—sensationalism and lies. It was declared that she had been dead three weeks; that she was not dead but was making up a trick;—both lies. All the other abusive lies of the last decade were rehashed, and the *N. Y. Sun* in its usual way repeated its libel of last summer, feeling secure from any reply by a dead woman.

The second method is illustrated by an editorial which was printed in the *N. Y. Tribune* of Sunday, May 10, which we give in full:

MADAME BLAVATSKY.

Few women in our time have been more persistently misrepresented, slandered, and defamed than Madame Blavatsky, but though malice and ignorance did their worst upon her there are abundant indications that her life-work will vindicate itself, that it will endure, and that it will operate for good. She was the founder of the Theosophical Society, an organization now fully and firmly established, which has branches in many countries, East and West, and which is devoted to studies and practices the innocence and the elevating character of which are becoming more generally recognized continually. The life of Madame Blavatsky was a remarkable one, but this is not the place or time to speak of its vicissitudes. It must suffice to say that for nearly twenty years she had devoted herself to the dissemination of doctrines the fundamental principles of which are of the loftiest ethical character. However Utopian may appear to some minds an attempt in the nineteenth century to break down the barriers of race, nationality, caste, and class prejudice, and to inculcate that spirit of brotherly love which the greatest of all Teachers enjoined in the first century, the nobility of the aim can only be impeached by those who repudiate Christianity. Madame Blavatsky held that the regeneration of mankind must be based upon the development of altruism. In this she was at one with the greatest thinkers, not alone of the present day, but of all time; and at one, it is becoming more and more apparent, with the strongest spiritual tendencies of the age. This alone would entitle her teachings to the candid and serious consideration of all who respect the influences that make for righteousness.

In another direction, though in close association with the cult of universal fraternity, she did important work. No one in the present generation, it may be said, has done more toward reopening the long sealed treasures of Eastern thought, wisdom, and philosophy. No one certainly has done so much toward elucidating that profound wisdom-religion wrought out by the ever-cogitating Orient, and bringing into the light those ancient literary works whose scope and depth have so astonished the Western world, brought up in the insular belief that the East had produced only crudities and puerilities in the domain of speculative thought. Her own knowledge of Oriental philosophy and esotericism was comprehensive. No candid mind can doubt this after reading her two principal works. Her steps often led, indeed, where only a few initiates could follow, but the tone and tendency of all her

writings were healthful, bracing, and stimulating. The lesson which was constantly impressed by her was assuredly that which the world most needs, and has always needed, namely the necessity of subduing self and of working for others. Doubtless such a doctrine is distasteful to the ego-worshippers, and perhaps it has little chance of anything like general acceptance, to say nothing of general application. But the man or woman who deliberately renounces all personal aims and ambitions in order to forward such beliefs is certainly entitled to respect, even from such as feel least capable of obeying the call to a higher life.

The work of Madame Blavatsky has already borne fruit, and is destined, apparently, to produce still more marked and salutary effects in the future. Careful observers of the time long since discerned that the tone of current thought in many directions was being affected by it. A broader humanity, a more liberal speculation, a disposition to investigate ancient philosophies from a higher point of view, have no indirect association with the teachings referred to. Thus Madame Blavatsky has made her mark upon the time, and thus, too, her works will follow her. She herself has finished the course, and after a strenous life she rests. But her personal influence is not necessary to the continuance of the great work to which she put her hand. That will go on with the impulse it has received, and some day, if not at once, the loftiness and purity of her aims, the wisdom and scope of her teachings, will be recognized more fully, and her memory will be accorded the honor to which it is justly entitled.

This editorial is true, fair, prophetic. It gives H. P. B.'s sentiments and main doctrine, and it outlines the effect bound to be produced upon the world by her work.

RETURN TO ENGLAND OF MRS. ANNIE BESANT.

Mrs. Besant lectured in Boston on the 27th, 28th, and 30th of April, and in Springfield on May 1st, returning to New York on the 2d. On the 5th she spoke for the last time at the regular meeting of the Aryan Branch. A great crowd filled the Hall, and a deputation from a Woman's Society waited upon her to present an address after adjournment. Too much time had unfortunately been consumed by prior speakers, so that her remarks were necessarily curtailed,—a fact the more regrettable beeause she had never been more vigorous, elevated, or thrilling. Taking the passage previously read from the *Bhagavad Gita*, Chap. 4, where Krishna says "Wherefore, having cut asunder with the sword of spiritual knowledge this doubt which existeth in thy heart, engage in the performance of action. Arise!", she touched on the paralyzing influence of doubt and its only cure by knowledge. Then with singular lucidity and power she sketched the shaping of the astral mould by the previously formed character of the newly-incarnating individuality. Specific memories had faded, leaving only their essence as "tendency"; distinct ideas had resolved themselves into "thought"; and this "thought", guided by that "tendency", moulded from the thought-plane the semi-ethereal particles on the astral plane into form fitting for the Ego about to reincarnate. Karma exhibited and vindicated itself in thus preparing a just shrine for the returning spirit. Then passing

to her farewell, she feelingly spoke her great thanks for the warm heartiness which had greeted and encircled and cheered her in her mission, and blessed the Theosophy which made foreigners friends and co-believers co-workers. How little with any of us did zeal equal privilege, accomplishment keep pace with opportunity! And yet the grand duty was not so much the actual exertion of intellect as the clearing away every obstacle and opening the gates to the in-sweep of the mighty agencies which use us as their channel. And then, unconsciously, perhaps, illustrating her own counsel, she flooded the hall with one last outpouring of earnest and eloquent appeal for increased devotion and work.

Mr. Alexander H. Spencer, a leading member of the Aryan Branch and member of the Executive Committee of the American Section, moved the following Resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That Madame Blavatsky, in sending to us as her representative Annie Besant, added but another to the many obligations borne her by the members of the Theosophical Society in America.

Resolved, That to Mrs. Besant the members of the Aryan T. S. in meeting assembled extend their most brotherly affection and highest regard.

Resolved, That while expressing their entire approval and high appreciation of the work to which she has devoted her labor and her talents, they would tender also to her their hearty thanks for the assistance rendered the Theosophical movement in this country by her visit, and, trusting that her ocean journey home may be free from peril or annoyance, sincerely hope that circumstances may so shape themselves that she may come back to us again and yet again.

On the 6th Mrs. Besant sailed for England in the *City of Chicago*, Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Buck of Cincinnati accompanying her.

Of the many replies made by Theosophists to journalistic attacks upon our honored Leader, one of the neatest and best was by Mrs. Anna L. Blodgett in the *Post-Intelligencer* of Seattle, W. T., of May 12th.

The "League of Theosophical Workers" has been formed in accordance with the report of the committee appointed at the last annual convention of the American Section of the Theosophical Society for founding such league. Its central office is in New York City. Its officers are:—

Mrs. J. Campbell Ver Planck, President.
Miss Katherine Hillard, Vice President.
Mr. H. T. Patterson, Secretary.
Mr. E. A. Neresheimer, Treasurer.

Under it local leagues may be formed, which leagues by the provisions of the Constitution of the society will be nearly autonomous.

Membership is only open to members of the Theosophical Society, though others may take part in its work as associate members.

Notice will shortly be sent out with full particulars as to the provisions of the Constitution, and suggestions as to the best methods to be followed by the local leagues.

THE STANDING COMMITTEE appointed at the last annual Convention of the American Section of the Theosophical Society for the making of branch work more effective have their first suggestions nearly ready. It makes a somewhat voluminous paper, and will either be published in a subsequent number of the "Path", or sent out by the committee itself direct to the Branch s. It embodies plans for the running of large and small, and formal and informal meetings. Also a draft of fifty-two subjects for discussion, the subjects being arranged in groups under different headings—this scheme being adopted *in toto* from the Brooklyn branch. There are in additon recommendations for study at subsidiary meetings, and outlines as to co-operative home work, with a valuable paper summarizing the entire Secret Doctrine on the topic of "hierarchies"—this summarization being the result of such work already done.

THE ORIENTAL DEPARTMENT has concluded an engagement with Prof. Manilal N. Dvivedi, of Nadiad, India, as its Pandit, and he will immediately begin the preparation of articles as such. Mr. Dvivedi is a well-known Professor of Sanscrit, is a Brahmin, fully conversant with the ancient and modern literature of his country, and abundantly qualified to select valuable items for the benefit of the American Section.

OBITUARY. Mr. Paul Webersinn, formerly of Golden Gate Lodge, San Francisco, died on May first and was cremated at Los Angeles on May 9th, many Theosophists being present and assisting. The ashes were subsequently sent to the family in Germany. Before the body was sent to Los Angeles, simple but impressive memorial services were held by the Golden Gate Lodge, consisting of music by a quartette, a reading from the "Bhagavad Gita", an address by Dr. J. A. Anderson upon the significance and import of death from a Theosophical stand-point, with a review of the life and work of the deceased brother, the reading of Edwin Arnold's "Death in Arabia", and further music by the quartette. Resolutions of respect and regret were adopted by the Branch.

LETTER.

S. S. CITY OF CHICAGO, May 15th, 1891.

DEAR PATH:

Mrs. Besant's homeward journey has been altogether a pleasant one. Our little party have been "on deck" every day, Mrs. Besant having lost her reckoning but one day, thus proving herself a "good sailor" after all.

It is not the wind or weather, nor yet the tides of the sea, that I desire to call to the attention of the readers of the PATH. It is rather of that rising tide in the affairs of man that is everywhere setting in toward Theosophy.

Everywhere is heard the muttering of discontent at the old *rigime*, of rebellion against the old creeds; and impatience is frequently expressed whenever it is proposed to rehash the old theologies.

On Sunday the Captain read the service of the English Church as a mere matter of official duty, and when a clergyman proposed a "sermon," he was informed that he could preach if generally invited to do so by the passengers. Need I add that we had no sermon last Sunday! Now add to this the fact that Mrs. Besant lectures by very general request to-morrow night on Theosophy, and the trend of the tide of public interest may be plainly seen. It would be hardly fair to name the prominent people on board who have sought interviews with Mrs. Besant, have expressed great interest in the subject of Theosophy, and who have felt honored at receiving a card of invitation to the meetings at 19 Avenue Road. The interest seems both wide-spread and deep. Of course Mrs. Besant's well known name, and her former work as a reformer and Socialist, have added greatly to her present prominence, while her intimate relations to Madam Blavatsky enable her to speak with the authority of personal knowledge.

Most of these people who express this interest in Mrs. Besant and her work are Americans, and the recent Convention at Boston and Mrs. Besant's lectures there and elsewhere have aided greatly in bringing about this new impulse. The result is specially interesting to readers of the PATH and members of the T. S. in America, because it further shows that the work done by the PATH and by the Tract-mailing Scheme is already bearing fruit. It is well to bear in mind that the strength of the T. S movement is by no means represented by or confined to its organized branches. The branches are often small, and the work may seem discouraging because apparent and immediate results are not always forth-coming. The organized societies ought to learn, no less than individuals, how to work and wait; content to do their duty, well assured that no earnest and intelligent work is ever lost or done in vain.

J. D. BUCK.

FOREIGN.

GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL (CEYLON) PRINCIPAL.

From the respondents to M. d'Abreu's letter in Feb. PATH the Trustees have unanimously selected as Principal an American lady, Mrs. Marie M. Higgins of Washington, D. C., an accomplished linguist and pianist, experienced in teaching. Mrs. Higgins purposes to sail as soon as some needful preparations are made. It is her very earnest wish to take with her, as an important part of her equipment for a life work, some Theosophical

books and a piano, the latter having especial value in such a field and under such hands. A first class instrument of metal, one she has used, has been offered her for less than one-half its original cost, and she needs but $240 to secure it. To raise this sum is impossible to herself, and the Trustees can barely pay her passage to Ceylon, But if American Theosophists will accept the privilege of thus furnishing the school with so potent a means to instruction and refined pleasure, Mrs. Higgins may carry with her an additional assurance of success in her mission and an additional proof of the interest felt by her countrymen in the cause of female education in the far East. The PATH has one offer of $25 conditional on the whole sum's being raised by 9 others of like amount, or by smaller sums, and will gladly be custodian of the fund, as well or of any books contributed for Mrs. Higgins's use. The temporary absence of the Editor will not interfere with the execution of this proffer, he having arranged therefor.

LONDON LETTER.

The new British Section Library is now open and ready for use. It is a large, well lighted, airy room, furnished with lounges, armchairs, and writing tables. Its length—it runs from front to back of the house—makes it excellent for the purpose of quiet reading, as it is quite possible for several people to secure a nook where they can feel undisturbed. At one end is a French window which opens into a good sized conservatory, at present absolutely devoid of flowers or furniture other than hot water pipes. This is, I believe, to form a smoking-room for members of the staff, and possibly for their friends.

We are extremely glad to say that the concert which was mentioned in the letter of last month proved to be a great success, financially and otherwise. The accounts are not all made up, but the proceeds, reckoned approximately, together with donations, make £70, a very valuable windfall into our needy hands for the Building Fund.

The staff in Avenue Road is very glad to welcome Mr. Willis E. Brown of California, who has kindly come over to help Mr. Pryse with the Printing Press. The work of this department was becoming so heavy that it was impossible to put the Press to its full use, and their grateful thanks are due to Mr. Brown for coming forward to help in this emergency.

With the transference of the British Section Rooms from Duke st. to Headquarters the Monday evenings had to be discontinued. There is, however, no intention to abandon them. It is now proposed to form a class for study of the *Key to Theosophy*, to be held in the Lecture Hall, No. 19 Avenue Rd, at 8:30 p. m. If twenty names are given, the first meeting will be on Monday, May 11th. Members and friends will have the privilege of bringing their friends to this class, subject to a reasonable limit of time, and

on condition of their signing their names on the first occasion, and entering their names and that of their introducer in a book which will be kept for the purpose.

The Swedish Branch is more active than ever, and twenty-one new diplomas have been issued during the last month.

Influenza has laid its hand heavily upon the Theosophical Society, for it has invaded the stronghold of the Headquarters. In fact, a hospital *régime* is established, and the work has been very heavy for the still able-bodied members, who have had to combine the duties of nurse and Secretary with a considerable amount of anxiety.

In consequence of this outburst of influenza the *Conversazione* has had to be abandoned for this month. C. M.

Colonel Olcott writes from Brisbane, Australia, that the Australian trip is doing him great good and is turning out a most excellent thing for the T. S. He found that the legacy of Mr. G. H. Hartmann to the Society amounted to £5,000 and that the Colonel's title was unquestioned, but that the testator did a great wrong to his family by leaving so much away from it, and that this fact had aroused much prejudice against the T. S. in Australia. He promptly decided to refuse so unjust a bequest, and only took one thousand pounds for the Adyar Library, returning to the family the remaining four thousand pounds. The heirs were of course delighted, and popular sentiment towards the Society was reversed, turning into respect and good will. The expenses of his voyage to and fro were also paid, so that he will now be able to go to Paris from Colombo. He has been making close inquiry into the religion of the Aborigines, and will prepare some good articles for the *Theosophist*. Theosophy is but little known as yet in Australia, but popular interest is evident, his own lectures were well attended, and he foresees a good future for the Cause in that vast country.

An important Convention is to be held in England, and Col. Olcott is hastening from Australia to it. Details will be given when received.

Last Hours of Madame Blavatsky.

Only meagre details of the departure of H. P. B. have reached the Path. She had felt better the evening before, had dressed and come into her sitting-room, and had asked for her large chair and her cards, but the latter she soon laid down. The Dr. brought a consulting physician, and both ordered brandy to pull up her strength. She passed a restless night, but in the morning was better, and the Dr. pronounced that she was going on well. Mr. Mead went to Holland to recuperate from his illness, the Countess Wachtmeister and Mrs. Oakley went into town, and Miss Cooper and the two nurses remained with H. P. B. A few hours later the change

came, and Miss Cooper called Mr. Wright and Mr. Old. H. P. B. was unable to speak, but was conscious to the end. Death was caused by a clot of albumen touching the heart. Mr. Wright, Mr. Old, Mr. Pryse, and Mr. Brown lifted the body from the chair to the bed, where the nurses took charge of it. Telegrams were sent off in every direction, and work went on all night in printing and sending out notices, etc. Every one kept cool and worked effectively, so that there was no confusion or flury, despite the deep sorrow. The death was registered, all legal steps taken, and arrangements made for the cremation, the invitation to Theosophists especially noting that H. P. B.'s request was that no mourning should be worn.

The cremation had place at Woking, 25 miles from London, on Monday, May 11. The day was beautiful, and the drive of 2¼ miles from the station was past fruit trees in full bloom. In the small, plain chapel of the Crematorium were gathered about 100 friends. The coffin, covered with blue cloth and decked with flowers, was carried by four T. F. S. After a eulogy and exhortation by Mr. Mead, it was borne to the Crematorium. The funeral ceremony was very simple, solemn, and impressive, and it seemed as if each person present was communing with the great soul just gone away.

THE TRACT MAILING SCHEME.

The General Secretary was able to announce to Convention that the total contributions had reached $1906.95, and that over 260,000 tracts had been printed. The summer season, during which the ordinary business of the office much abates, is approaching, and in those months it is the practise of the General Secretary to use his staff, when not otherwise occupied, in the dissemination of tracts. Hence he is now arranging to secure a stock of Directories and tracts for that purpose. It requires however, no little outlay, especially as gifts during the summer are so small, and he therefore asks members of the Society to provide him with the funds which shall make possible an active season, a season the more active and the more fruitful because of the vast attention attracted to Theosophy by recent events so strangely and unexpectedly combined. Each Theosophist is asked to aid in the Tract Mailing Scheme.

NOTICES.

I.

Branch Paper No. 15, *Jesus the Initiate*, read in San Francisco by Mrs. Veronica M. Beane, was mailed to all the Secretaries on May 4th.

II.

Branch paper No. 16, *The Extension of the Theosophical Movement* and *Instinct, Intellect, and Intuition*, by James M. Pryse, read before the Satwa T. S. of Los Angeles, was mailed to all the Secretaries on May 26th.

III.

Subscriptions to the *Prasnottara* (the *Forum* of the Indian Section), it to be mailed direct from Adyar to the subscriber, will be received by the PATH at the rate of 75 cts. per annum for one copy, $1.25 for 3 copies, to one address.

IV.

Mrs. Annie Besant's articles in *Lucifer* on "The Evidences of Theosophy" have been published in London as a pamflet, and will be on sale in the PATH office for 10 cts.

V.

The Report of the Convention of 1891 was mailed to each member of the American Section in good standing the last week in May. With it went *Forum No. 23* and the Address of the Executive Committee. Copies of the report will be mailed for 20 cts.

VI.

A little 4-paged monthly for children, *The Rose Garden*, has been started by a Theosophist in Texas. The PATH has copies of the first issue, and will mail one for a 2 ct. stamp.

HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY

AT 2.25 P. M., MAY 8, 1891,
IN THE CITY OF LONDON, ENGLAND, AT NO.
19 AVENUE ROAD,
ABANDONED THE BODY SHE HAD USED NEARLY 60 YEARS.

She was born in Russia in August, 1831, travelled over nearly the whole globe, became an American citizen, started the theosophical movement in 1875, worked in and for it through good and evil report, and endeared herself to many disciples in every part of the world, who looked up to her as their teacher and friend. To her disciples she wrote:

"Behold the truth before you: a clean life, an open mind, a pure heart, an eager intellect, an unveiled spiritual perception, a brotherliness for one's co-disciple, a readiness to give and receive instruction, a courageous endurance of personal injustice, a brave declaration of principles, a valiant defense of those who are unjustly attacked, and a constant eye to the ideal of human progression and perfection which the secret science depicts—these are the golden stairs up the steps of which the learner may climb to the Temple of Divine Wisdom."

The influence of her work will vibrate through the centuries.

The Seven Beings in the Sun are the Seven Holy Ones, Self-born from the inherent power in the matrix of Mother substance.—*H. P. B., in Secret Doctrine.*

OM.